



DEAR NATURE'S LOVE COLOR, AS MAN'S IS RED,—
FLUSHING THE BOSOM OF HER SWELLING PLAINS,
MIRRORED IN ALL HER LIMPID FLOWING VEINS,
AND ON THE SWEET BROWS OF HER HILLS OUTSPREAD,—
YOUR CHARM TO ALL FAIR COLOR CHARMS IS WED;
ROYAL AS PURPLE ALL YOUR OAK GREEN REIGNS;
LIKE GIRLISH PINK AND WHITE YOUR BIRCH-GREEN
LANES,

AND WITH THE SKY'S TRUE BLUE YOUR LAWNS ARE FED.

HOW DOES ONE COLOR BODY MANY SOULS!
YOUNG CEDAR GREEN LAUGHS HAPPY IN THE SUN;
THE GREEN OF ELMS A SAGE DISCOURSE OUTROLLS;
OF HEMLOCK GREEN ARE PLOTS AND POISONS SPUN;
A COLOR DRAMA WITH ONE ACTOR THIS,
WEAVING AN ENDLESS METAMORPHOSIS.